Millions

Pusha T

You know what happen when G.O.O.D. Music and MMG get together, right?
We get that money

Millions millions in the ceiling
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Choppas choppas in the closet
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This that s*** that y'all wanted
This s*** cook up hard, don't it?
Y'all gotta beg my pardon on it
But this s*** sound like God don't it?
Yuugh, I'm tired, n**** and y'all gotta pay your tithes, n****
Call my Phantom the holy ghost, church on chrome wheel tires, n****
Pop tags when I'm paranoid, cause the pawn shop was my paradise
I was dead pop when that powder came for that knot saved in that shoe box
Blue tops, blue tops, bad b**** in that blue fox
This big face is in Blu-ray and these black diamonds like boondocks
I restore the feelin' of when n****s made a killin'
Hidin' choppas in the closet, half a million in the ceiling
And them hoes with angel faces, cryin' loud with ill intentions
Just so I can buy them Christians, have 'em s***tin' on all they b****es, ah!

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I'm haunted by horror stories, wanna-be home owners
Horrible outcome, a dope boy got one motive
Cries when he convicted, cried on every visit
I'm cryin' sayin' his name, ride for all my n****s
Used to fiddle my finger 'til I found me a fortune
Finger f*** a Ferrari, south of France early morning
Did drugs with Donatella, Versace my A Capella
Never see me in Neiman's, n****s committin' treason
Soft loafer preferred, frost, organic herb
Stay away from the Forbes, if I only could tell you more
I got this I got that, I got that I got this
Got a kilo for 20, my choppas say I'm the s***

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This that s*** y'all ask for
Make a n**** mash on the gas, floor
Two-door, four-door, roll through the hood like task force
Fast forward--oops! They say they wanna see proof
My record sales ain't much as theirs and we still ride the same coupes
How we still f*** the same hoes, why we still buy the same clothes
How we both got the same watch, I'm just keepin' y'all on y'all toes
Dope boys, gold mine, that price drop and that coke rise
Then set it over that blue flame then hang it dry like clothesline
I restore the feelin' of when n****s made a killin'
Hidin' choppas in the closet, half a million in the ceiling
Got the razor on the counter, Arm & Hammer in the kitchen
Just to keep my feet in Christians and keep f***in' all y'all b****es

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